

Kilo Kish

"Love2K"

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Ok I see you and your babes, lookin real good
Baby you from around the way,
But I never seen you in the hood
Belenciago mama and your heart don't cost a dollar
Give a fuck about a fendi prada, if a nigga tryina holler
Girl you got some ill nana and want a real papa
Missing margella fellow be eating grilled lobster
Sittin in the car mellow, smokin on lala
Beat that pussy up like a fuckin pinada
Welcome to my casa, kick it like soccer
Sips from the vodka, lift from the ganja
Can I strip? Girl do the honors,
Naked and famous, body so designer
Never here put on, I...i believe I'm addicted
You can see I'm unite, I...plant a couple seeds
I can be your baby father

So loud, it's like I'm making love to a kilo
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And I'm going anywhere she go
Such a shame I never see you down town
Places I hang you never wanna come around
It's not a bad thing, not really missing much
Walking with my iPod, and cellphone I'm in a rush
It would be cool to go uptown
West side highway's my new playground
I could be the fresh face of your campaign
Driver shades can't explain what I wanna say
But if you into to comfy black chicks, I'm all about
And if you want that art history...up to the thigh
Like making love to me, don't think I understand
My name is kk but you can call me wife instead
Hey baby, go do me something from the kitchen
No, but you can get you some
Baby you've been the only thing I've been missing
I know, I thought you needed my help
Why don't you call me anymore?
I thought you needed my help

I think about you everyday

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